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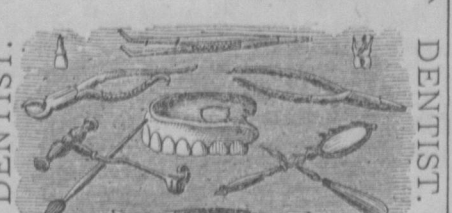
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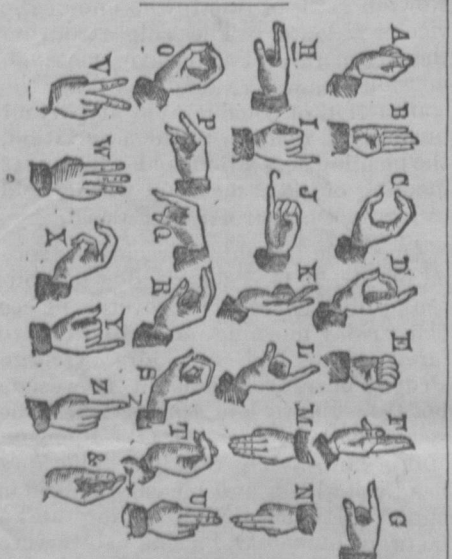
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The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME VIII.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1879.

NUMBER 39.

POETRY.

OPINIONS OF A DEAF-MUTE CHILD BEFORE SHE RECEIVED INSTRU CTION.

Extract from a poem written on reading an ac
count of the opinions of a deaf and dumb child
before she had received instruction. She was
afraid of the sun, moon, and stars.—ILLUSTRUS.

And didst thou fear the queen of night,
Poor mute and musing child?
She who, with pure and silver light,
Gladdens the loneliest wild?
Yet her the savage marks serene,
Chequering his clay-built cabin's scene.
Her the polar natives bless,
Bowing low in gentleness,
To bathe with liquid beams their rayless night:
Her the lone sailor, while his watch he keeps,
Hails, as her fair lamp glides the troubled deeps,
Cresting each snowy wave that o'er its fellow
sweeps.
E'en the lost maniac loves her light,
Uttering to her, with fixed eye,
Wild symphonies, he knows not why.—
Sad was thy fate, my child, to see,
In nature's gentlest friend, a foe severe to
thee.

Being of lonely thought, the world to thee
Was a deep maze, and all things moving on
In darkness and in mystery. But lo,
Who made these benighted forms that fade
anon.
What was life?—From thy brow the roses fled
At that eternal question, fathomless and dread!

O, snatched from ignorance and pain,
And taught, with scarp eye,
At unmeasured orbs to gaze,
And trace, amid their quenchless blaze,
Thine own high destiny!

Forever bless the hands that burst thy chain,
And led thy doubtful steps to learning's hallowed
fane.

Though from thy guarded lips may press
No word of gratitude or tenderness,—
In the starting tear, the glowing cheek,
With tuneful tongue the soul can speak;
Her tone is in the sigh,
Her language in the eye,
Her voice of harmony, a life of praise,
Well understood by Him who notes our searching
ways.

The tomb shall burst thy fetters. Death sublime
Shall bear away the seal of time,
So long in we bewailed!

Thou, who no melody of earth has known,
Nor chirp of birds, their wind-rocked cell that
rear,
Nor waters murmuring lone,
Nor organ's solemn peal, nor viol clear,
Nor warbling breath of man, that joins the
hymning sphere—
Can speech of mortals tell
What tidings of bliss shall swell,
If the first summons to thy valenced ear
Should be the plaudits of thy Saviour's love,
The full, enraptured choir of the redeemed above?

STORY TELLER.

A WOMAN'S STORY.

BY DOCTOR SCOTT FARR.

I should have been better. I might
have been worse. How much better,
how much worse, the story will dis
close.

I had just entered my seventh year
when my father, M. Viole, gave me a
new mother in the person of the hand
some and imperious widow of one
Colonel Lalor, and a brother in Mrs.
Lalor's only child, a boy of twelve.

Albert Lalor, with his handsome face,
strong will and pleasant ways, soon
became my master, ruling my impetu
ous spirit with success that no one else
could. Madame Viole looked on with
a proud, self-satisfied smile, and more
than once I heard her murmur in her
sweet, imperious tones:

"They must marry, Philippe. Your
Vi. must be my Albert's wife."
And my father would laugh and nod
his head approvingly, evidently well
pleased with the idea.

But these happy days slipped by all
too rapidly.
My father died. Albert was finish
ing his collegiate course. I, in accord
ance with my father's will, was sent to
Paris to be finished under the care of
his old and valued friend, Madm
Dupont. Four years later I returned
to my step-mother.

It was near the close of a bleak win
ter day that I reached Gray Fell. But
bleak as it was, my handsome, stately
step-mother met me on the steps of
the great pillared portico.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, half under her
breath, as she held me off a moment
and keenly scrutinized me with her
great lustrous black eyes. Then a
warm smile parted her lips, and, kiss
ing me tenderly, she ad
ed:

"You are beautiful, my child—far
more beautiful than I imagined. Al
bert will be charmed. Ah, a blush,
dearest? You have not forgotten my
old hope, then! But come, come,
dear, the air is bit
terly keen."

And gathering up the shining length
of her black satin she swept queen
like before me, pausing only long
enough in the hall to allow a kindly
word or two to the assembled servants.
Then, with a rare condescension, she
led me up stair a to my chamber.

As we entered the dressing-room she
glanced at the time-piece and turned to
my maid:

"Take Maclamoiselle's wraps, Man
ton," she said quickly and imperiously,
"and then lay out some of her hand
somest dresses, adding smilingly, as

her eyes returned to me, "I shall super
intend your toilet this evening, my dear.
Dinner will be served in less than an
hour, and I want you to appear at your
best when you descend to the drawing
-room. Albert shall be dazzled at first
sight."

I blushed, and with a low, happy
laugh she kissed me and patted my
burning cheeks.

The business of the toilet concluded,
Madame Viole stepped back and eyed
me critically. A glowing smile directly
attested her entire satisfaction, but
she cried eagerly:

"You are glorious, Vi! simply glori
ous—a very eastern princess from your
tawny head to your fairy feet. That
ruby velvet, with its rich laces,
becomes your splendid brunette beauty
rarely, while those creamy white roses
adorn your dusky locks most faultless
ly. Ah, child, I am proud of you! You
are sure to charm my noble boy. But
come, darling," she concluded hastily.
"He returned from town some time
ago; let us descend."

When we entered the brilliantly
lighted drawing-room it was tenanted
by two persons—a handsome king
-looking man, whom I recognized at
once as my step-brother, and a tall,
slender girl with heavenly blue eyes,
pearly skin and a shimmering crown of
pale, golden hair.

A faint damask tinted the girl's
cheek as we entered, and I noticed
that the gentleman rose with suspi
cions haste from the chair very close to
her own. I fancied, too, that he had
even more hastily dropped one of the
dainty white hands toying with a
bunch of blue forget-me-nots that
matched a tiny cluster half hidden in
the flossy gold of her lovely hair.

I had heard of this fair girl, and
that her home would henceforth be at
Gray Fell. But for the first time it
occurred to me that she might be des
tined to step between me and the
man I had slowly learned to think of
only too tenderly.

With a sharp, jealous pang I extend
ed my hand to Albert Lalor, who had
hastened to me, his fine eyes glowing
with admiration and pleasure.

His greeting was cordial, and evi
dently pleased his mother.
"But why don't you kiss her, my
son, as in the old days?" she smiled
gayly.

And with an answering smile, Albert
bent his grand head and pressed his
barded lips lightly to mine.

"Ah, what a charming blush!" laugh
ed my step-mother, touching my glow
ing cheek caressingly with her soft,
white fingers.

I smiled, but my heart throbbed
painfully under the ruby velvet bodice
that became me so well. Beneath the
pressure of those bearded lips my way
ward woman's heart had leaped from
tenderness to a full, fierce, passionate
love.

I lifted my eyes, lustrous with the
new-born feeling, to the handsome,
smiling face of my brother, and again
my heart swelled with jealous pain at
sight of its unruffled calm.
But the next moment Madame Viole
claimed my attention.

"Vi, dearest, my great-niece, Peri
Holbrook," she smiled.

I turned my eyes from Albert's face
to the eager, half-afrighted gaze of the
golden-haired girl I could not but ad
mire.

I bowed, and somewhat coldly ac
cepted the proffered hand, and answer
ed the few musical words of gentle
welcome. Then I involuntarily flash
ed a swift glance at Albert.

Ah, how the blood leaped through
my veins! And how I hated the charm
ing creature standing before me, so
regally graceful and sweet! Yes, I
hated her; for there could be no mis
taking the brooding tenderness and
passion with which my step-brother
was regarding her.

But only for an instant did his eyes
betray him; and as the pleasant hours
of the evening flew by, I grew half
disposed to laugh at my jealous pain.
Nevertheless, my step-mother followed
me to my room, I smiled lightly.

"Peri is very lovely, mamma, and
Albert seems to admire her."

Madame Viole turned a glance upon
me that covered my face with a flood
of color.

Nay, nay," she laughed softly the
next instant, winding her arm care
lessly about me. "You have no cause
for jealousy, my love. Albert is heart
-whole, and knows well that it is my
dearest wish to see him your husband."

"Knowing this," she added, with laugh
-ing sternness, "he would not dare brave
me by loving another." Then, with a
swift return to her former tenderness,
she continued: "My dear child, I
trust you can make me happy by
loving my noble and handsome son?"

I could not bear the gaze of her
penetrating black eye, soft as it was,
and my face dropped blushing to her
friendly shoulder.

"I am eloquently answered, love," she
whispered softly, "and let me say that
with your rare beauty and winning
grace, you are sure to garner his whole
heart. May heaven bless you dear!"

Then, as she kissed me good-night,
she cried earnestly:

"Don't rush into jealousy, Vi. Peri
is a good and beautiful girl, but Al
bert gives her only a cousinly affec
tion. Though she is in no way depend
ent upon me peculiarly, I promised
her dying mother to give her a home at
Gray Fell, as you know; and you can
see, my love, how very unpleasant it
would make it for you to brood over a
foolish jealousy. So, dear, put all that
nonsense out of your charming head
and rest assured that I am right. My
eyes are keen, and in the eighteen
months she has been at Gray Fell must
inevitably have penetrated a secret of
that kind."

"Of course mamma is right," I mur
mured, as the door closed on her im
perial form, and I summoned Mantion.
But, my maid dismissed, I sat down
in my dressing-gown and stared at
the glowing coals, my thoughts and
feelings in an anxious whirl. After a
time I rose, sighing impatiently:

"I can't sleep; I will, go down and
get a book."

With the words I crept out into the
hall. I had traversed half its length,
when the sound of stealthy steps on
the stairs sent me with bated breath
behind the heavy damask curtains near
me.

Burglars were in my mind, but I
made no outcry. The next minute the
steps passed a few feet from me, and
I was quickly undisturbed.

A voice I well knew murmured in
hushed tones, "Don't grieve, my dar
ling, it will all come right. Only be
patient, my own."

And I felt more than heard the soft
kiss that finished the sentence.

It was Peri's voice that answered.

"Oh, Albert! Albert! she breathed,
falteringly. "Where is it all to end?
We have done very, very wrong, dear
-est. And oh, Albert, she loves you! I
saw it in those great, passionate, dus
ky eyes of hers to-night, and in a vague
terror of the future I stared almost
wildly at her as Aunt Ray presented
me."

"Nonsense! Do you want to make
me vain?" laughed my step-brother
softly. And then he murmured in
graver accents: "You say we have
done wrong, darling. Remember that
we had to choose between two evils.
Remember that my mother possesses
an iron will. She would have ground
us both to powder rather than consent
to what we—"

"Yes, yes, I know," sighed Peri,
before he could finish the sentence I
was panting to hear.

"Then cease to grieve, darling, he
whispered. And now, once more,
good-night."

And I knew he folded her close to
his heart for a brief moment.

As the doors closed noiselessly upon
their retiring forms I crept weakly
back to my chamber, pride, anger and
despair clutching at my heart-strings.

With a stifled cry I flung myself
passionately on the rug before the
fire and buried my face on the tiger
skin covering—a pile of soft yielding
hassocks.

"Lost! lost to me!" I moaned in my
fierce agony. And then, starting up
right, I panted with vengeful breath.
But what meant that unfinished sen
tence? Can they—"

And then I paused and stared breath
-lessly at the glowing coals.

"Ah! I will watch! I will watch!" I
muttered later.

And I shivered at the sound of my
own low, relentless voice.

I did watch.

Madame Viole never dreamed of the
task that engaged me; nor did the
victims of my pride and love. I took
care to be always gay and charming,
so how could they suspect?

But sometimes I marvelled that my
keen-eyed step-mother failed to ob
serve Peri's pallor and evident sadness.

"Ah, well," I laughed harshly to my
self, "she will see it all in good time,
and then let them look to themselves!"
So I silently shadowed the pair.

Night after night they stole an
hour of blissful peace in the ante-room
of the dim, old library, and night
after night I was ruthlessly on their
track. But in vain I listened to their
fond speech. The unfinished sentence
I had caught in the hall above remain
ed unfinished.

But one wild, bleak night, a month
later, my task was ended. With
stifled breath I noiselessly crept from
the library to my step-mother's cham
ber.

She sat in her dressing-gown before
the fire, lost in an enchanting book.
At my stealthy and unceremonious
entrance she glanced up.

"Great Heavens!" said she, drop
ping her book and staring at me in
alarm. "Are you ill, Vi?"

I laughed a harsh, short laugh.

"Only transformed into a Nemesis,
mamma."

"A Nemesis!" echoed my step-moth
-er in slow tones of profound amaze
ment, the next instant adding impetu
ously, "You look like a beautiful spirit
from Hades!"

I shrugged my shoulders with anoth
-er harsh laugh.

"Come!" I said imperiously. "Come,
and I will show you my Hades!"

She stared at me wonderingly, and
half shrunk as my icy hand clasped
hers.

"Softly, madame," I whispered as we
left her room.

Directly she was standing at the
slightly-opened door, at which I had
so often stood.

I felt her nails sink into the palm
of my hand as her blazing eyes rested
on the scene beyond. I heard her
breath come in swift, angry gusts.

For a full minute she stood thus.
Then, dropping my hand, she flung
back the door and swept into the dimly
-lighted room.

The pair sitting so lovingly before
the fire started to their feet, Peri with
a sharp cry of anguish. Albert's first
word was given to her:

"Be brave, my love!" he smiled
down on her in accents of melting ten
derness.

But his lips were white and his eyes
glowing.

What means all this?" demanded
Madame Viole, in awful hushed tones,
gazing from one to the other with an
anger before which even my fierce
spirit quailed.

"It means this, mother," replied
Albert, unflatteringly, as he stepped a
pace forward and circled more closely
the slender form of the pallid girl be
side him. "It means that for three
months Peri has been my wife—"

"Wife!" gasped my step-mother,
staggering back as if she had received
a blow. And then she screamed back
pleadingly: "Not your wife, Albert?"

"Yes, mother, my wife," he returned,
sadly and firmly, while great tears
rolled over Peri's white face. "We
grieved to do it secretly, mother,
but—"

My step-mother lifted her hands.
She had quite recovered herself now.

"Silence!" she commanded, in those
awfully hushed tones. Ask no for
-giveness! Ask no blessing! Peri, go!
Leave this house, now and forever.
Go, and may my curse follow you to
the last hour of your life! Albert, you
are my son. Go or stay, as you will,
but know that from this hour I never
speak to you again. From this hour
know your blessing is my bitterest
curse!"

"Mother—!"

"Silence!" again commanded my
step-mother, in fearfully concentrated
tones. "Go! Not a word! Put that
creature forth at once!" pointing her
white finger at Peri's bowed head.

"Say you forgive, mother," pleaded
Albert. "Say—"

"Silence!" almost thundered Ma
dame Viole, her face ghastly as the
dead.

He turned away then.

"Come, my darling, we will go," he
murmured with infinite tenderness to
Peri.

And catching up a cloak and hood
she had cast there only a few hours
before, he wrapped her tenderly in
them and led her to the door.

There they paused and looked back
at Madame Viole.

"Farewell, mother," they said, soft
ly, "and Heaven forgive us and you!"
Madame gazed stonily at them with
out a word or gesture, and they sighed
and went away.

Directly the hall door clanged heav
-ily after them. As it did so my step
-mother turned calmly to me.

"I am sorry for you, Vi," she said
briefly, in stern, even tones. "Let us
go to bed."

And with firm step and erect form
she led me up to my room. There
she kissed me good-night, saying calm
ly as she closed the door:

"From this moment they are dead
to us. Never mention their names
again!"

It was all over now. I had sat
ed my vengeance.

"It is well!" I said, as my head
touched my pillow.

The days came and went. My step
-mother was erect, cold and imperious
as ever. Not by word, look or tone
did she betray her secret suffering.
But at the end of a year she had lost
every vestige of youth and health. A
pale, gaunt old woman, she sat in her
chair now.

One morning she called me to her.
It was on my nineteenth birthday.

"Vi," she said, curtly, "it's all Dead
Sea fruit."

I gazed at her, dimly comprehend
ing her meaning. Then she said:

"They have a little daughter, Vi, and
they have named her after me—Ray
Lalor, Vi! Shall we have them back,
Vi?"

She looked at me wistfully. There
was a brief strife between the good
and the evil, and then I replied:

"It is Dead Sea fruit, mamma. We
will have them back. I can look up
on Albert as my brother now."

"Thank Heaven!" exclaimed Ma
dame Viole.

And three days later Albert, Peri,
and the little Ray were established at
Gray Fell.

—Ireland heads the list of crime in
the United Kingdom as far as minor
offences are concerned, but in serious
crimes England and Scotland take the
lead.

A LETTER FROM ONE OF OUR FAIR CORRESPONDENTS.

DISPENSING "TAFKY" FOR "MINNEHAHA."

EDITOR JOURNAL:—When I wrote
my second letter, which appeared in
the JOURNAL of August 21st, I thought
it would be the last letter I could ever
write under the name of "Deaf and
Dumb Girl," but such a letter as "Min
nehaha's," and also a sense of pride
and honor, demanded of me to write
another. "Minnehaha" said it seemed
that I had set my heart upon having
one of the students for my life-partner,
and that all saw it clearly. Well, if I
had set my heart on that, may I ask
why did I not offer myself to "Ram
bling Soph," when he wrote "Deaf and
Dumb Girl," but such a letter as "Min
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DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, SEPT. 25, 1879.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.

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THE DESTRUCTION BY FIRE OF THE WISCONSIN INSTITUTION FOR DEAF-MUTES.

Soon after we went to press with our last week's issue of the JOURNAL the daily papers conveyed to us the sad intelligence of the loss by fire of the Wisconsin Institution on the morning of September 16th.

The fire broke out in the upper dormitory of the main building. In less than an hour the whole eastern portion of the building had fallen in, and the entire building was consumed. Most of the furniture was saved, also the shops and outbuildings. About 150 pupils were in attendance at the school, all of whom escaped uninjured with their personal effects. The origin of the fire is unknown. The loss is estimated at \$100,000—a total loss, as the property was not insured.

The institution building was thoroughly repaired and newly-painted, as was the furniture, during vacation, and various external improvements were made.

At this writing no further particulars have been received, the above having been gathered from press reports. We have received no information direct from the institution of the catastrophe, but hope to soon, and will publish it at our earliest convenience.

Not long ago the Iowa and California Institutions were burned, and now the Wisconsin Institution has been levelled to the ground by the fire fiend. In view of the frequent destruction of deaf-mute institutions, and their necessary constant danger from fire, it strikes us very forcibly that they should all be well provided with fire-escapes, to be used in cases of necessity, which are liable to arise, and that such property should also be invariably insured in some one, or more, reliable company. In the present case no mishaps occurred of a serious character, and no lives were lost, but in other cases it might, under similar circumstances, prove quite different; at all events "an ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure."

The JOURNAL, having a wider circulation, not only in this country, but also extending to Europe, than any other deaf-mute paper in this country, principals and teachers would confer a favor upon the reading deaf and dumb by an early conveyance to us of any great institution calamities, and they will receive our heart-felt thanks if they will remember this suggestion and practice its precept.

NOTICE TO OUR AGENTS.

We are occasionally in receipt of letters from some of our agents and subscribers requesting us to send the JOURNAL to one or more new subscribers which they have procured, promising to send the money to us after they have obtained one or more additional names for the paper. We take this occasion to notify all such writers that some time ago we adopted a rule to send no papers without pay in advance. To be sure it would give us pleasure to give credit on subscriptions when asked to do so if we could afford to do it, but we are obliged to pay cash for everything that we purchase in the line of stock, and must, therefore, adhere to our rule, as we need every cent that we can get in order to pay the JOURNAL's running expenses. We say this in all kindness, and trust that our readers will see the wisdom of our rule, and not ask us to deviate from it. "No money no paper" is all printers' motto, and must necessarily be ours. Friends, work as well as you can for our paper, send in the money as soon as paid to you, and we will send the JOURNAL promptly, and our subscribers will have a paper that will be up to the times.

—We will mail a specimen copy of the JOURNAL for five cents.

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer.*

We are indebted to John Brooks for a copy of the Flint Democrat.

Prof. J. O. TURNER visited the New York Institution September 15th.

A new chapel, 50 feet long and 32 feet wide, is being erected at the Tennessee Institution.

JOHN BROOKS, late of Toronto, Can., is working in the Flint, Mich., Democrat office as a compositor.

MR. ALBERT GROENHEIMER, of New York, is enjoying a lucrative position as clerk in a whole sale clothing house.

HARVEY T. ZIMMERMAN, a graduate of the Michigan Institution, is a compositor in the Flint, Mich., Democrat office.

MR. ALLEN GIPSON, of Middle Tennessee, and Miss Sallie Smith, of Knoxville, Tenn., eloped and were married September 4th.

PROFESSOR HUTCHINGS, of the National Deaf-Mute College, is visiting in Knoxville, Tenn., and is much pleased with the city.

ONE hundred and forty-seven pupils had been enrolled at the Wisconsin Institution up to September 12th, and more were expected.

MR. ARCHIBALD GLENFIELD, who landed in New York city from England some time ago, is in search of a situation as a confectioner.

A REV. MR. HUMPHREY, of England, addressed the pupils of the Ohio Institution at their chapel exercises Saturday morning, September 13th.

ON the 14th, of September Mr. Robert Livingstone, of Boston, arrived in New York city. He contemplates making a tour in the West this fall.

A few wise words to that sassy, impudent, and insolent boy editor of the Brooklyn Leader: Be more careful to reform yourself than to censure others.

We last week received a crate of fresh, delicious peaches, a present from Mr. C. Pinn and his son, deaf-mutes, of Walcott, N. Y. The donors have our hearty thanks.

We understand that the Michigan Institution has sent to "Old Panwood" its smartest pupil, a young lady, who, report says, is as handsome as she is smart. Success to her.

THE teachers and officers of the Wisconsin Institution all returned to their former duties at the end of the vacation excepting E. Fiske, boy's supervisor, who was replaced by Mr. Yeacro.

MR. ROBERT KING, who failed to be re-appointed teacher in the Cincinnati Day-School last summer, is putting in his time at Columbus, O., endeavoring to secure some kind of a situation.

MR. JOHN BROOKS, late foreman of the Toronto, Can., National, was united in matrimony to Miss Marcella Wilcox, of Flint, Mich., September 24. The ceremony was performed at Grand Blain.

WILLIAM H. RIDER, of East Rush, N. Y., sends us \$1.50 subscription to the JOURNAL, informs us that on account of sickness he returned from Kansas last July, and that his health is now very good.

JOHN B. HEIMAN, said to be the best shoemaker at the New York Institution, is to be a member of the High Class of that institution for the next three years. May he be as successful in his studies as he is with his awl and hammer.

MR. LOUIS LOEWENSTEIN, of New York, is one of the oldest pupils of the New York Institution for the Improved Instruction of Deaf-Mutes, and is engaged in the dyeing and cleaning business with his father in that city.

A correspondent remarks, "In regard to the article written by your Newport correspondent, 'Christie,' about the raid on Messrs. Vance and Barriack's society, a subscriber to the JOURNAL desires us to say that there is not one word of truth in it."

IF MR. GORHAM D. ARBOTT, who is said to be one of the editors of an obscure paper, published in New Hampshire, said of the Leader that it credited to him in its last issue, he don't understand his business. So says our compositor from Brooklyn.

HENRY STENGLE, a member of the High Class of the New York Institution, spent part of his vacation working on a farm at near Shutesbury Falls, N. Y., where it is hoped he picked up a good sum of stamps. He returned to his books September 14th.

WE should be pleased to hear from some of our New York correspondents upon subjects not pertaining to the Manhattan Literary Association. Come, gentlemen and ladies of New York, please let us hear what of a social character is going on in your midst.

MR. A. F. WOOD, a student of the National Deaf-Mute College up to last June and also a graduate of the Ohio Institution, and Miss Lucy Cook, a graduate of the Ohio Institution, have been appointed teachers in the Cincinnati Day-School for Deaf-Mutes.

MR. C. S. SAWHILL, a student of the National Deaf-Mute College, will not return to resume his studies until some time in October. He has secured employment in the State bindery at Columbus, O., where he will endeavor to regain some of his lost fortune, caused by his connection with the Independent Base-Ball Club.

THOS. L. BROWN, Esq., one of the teachers at the State Institute for the deaf, dumb and blind, in this city, in company with his wife returned from New Hampshire, Wednesday afternoon, where he has been spending a summer's vacation. He reports their visit as being a very pleasant one indeed, and that he has returned in good shape ready for work.—Flint, Mich., Democrat, Sept. 13th.

THE Independent Base-Ball Club, of Columbus, O., has disbanded for the year—perhaps for good. Their tour to the East and Southwest proved a miserable financial failure. It is said that Robert King became manager of the club by some home-pieces proceedings after their regular manager, Mr. Pratt, left them, and managed it in such a manner as to bring discredit upon its members.

THIS account of the meetings of the Manhattan Literary Association, which our New York correspondent sends us weekly, has led people to call it a semi-juristic. Upon making inquiries of those in this vicinity who are acquainted with that unfortunate "devil," and taking our correspondent's account of his strange actions into account, we need no reason to doubt that this young man's mind (if he ever had any of his own) is, undoubtedly, out of order.

A writer informs us that "Mr. John Davis preached a most excellent sermon at the new hall of the Boston Deaf-Mute Society. Among outsiders I noticed Miss Miller, of Connecticut, and your correspondents 'A. E. A.' and 'Ramblar.' The latter left town Thursday afternoon for Hartford with Miss Harding, and thence he goes to New York city. He is acting as special correspondent of the Herald and Record, with which he is connected during his vacation. 'Ramblar' says that if 'Geraldine' is in earnest why does she not give him an opportunity to improve the quality of his taffy, as he certainly prefers the lips while applying its sweetness?"

ENGLISH sparrows are plenty and rather too tame at the Virginia Institution.

JOHN VAN NORT has been to the New York Institution to see some of his old friends.

MR. JAMES E. DORAN, of Syracuse, says he had a "bully time" at the Buffalo convention.

WE are indebted to B. W. Lawrence for copies of the Morgan City Review and the New Orleans Daily Democrat.

MR. AND MRS. R. B. LLOYD, of Carmansville, N. Y., went to Trenton, N. J., on Friday, September 12th.

MR. WILLIAMS, Steward of the West Virginia Institution, is enjoying himself with friends in Staunton, Va.

IT is reported that a paper will be started by the lunatics in the asylum on Blackwell's Island in opposition to the Leader.

THE Boston Deaf-Mute Society, at No. 19 Essex street, were treated to a half-hour address by Harry White on the 3d inst.

THE chances are that W. A. Bond will be expelled from the Manhattan Literary Association for numerous irregularities.

ONE of Bond's admirers says that he has changed from a lion to a lamb. He never was a lion; his ears are too long for that.

A sister of Miss Katie Shute, a pupil at the New York school, was married on the 15th inst. Miss Annie E. Lewis, of Syracuse, attended the wedding.

BOND, in a recent issue of the Leader, likens himself to Judas Iscariot. This is the first symptom of senility that has been noticed in him for some time.

FRED STANTON, the fun-loving mute of Charles street, New York, visited the New York school the other day and brought some taffy for his namesake—little Fred.

PROFESSOR JOHN TURNER will hold Sunday services at Saco, Me., on the 12th of next October. The deaf-mutes who live in different parts of Maine are cordially invited to attend.

BOND, in the last number of the Leader, refers its readers to an extract from a paper printed in a little village, lending his paper. He fails to state how much he paid for the advertisement.

MR. JOHN CARLIN was lately selected to decide a question between two parties in New York city, but his decision has been rejected by the very person who first asked him to act as referee.

THE Goodson Gazette says that just at the close of last session it had prepared and corked up a bottle of wrath to pour upon the head of a puffy contemporary, but during the happy summer days it had all evaporated.

MR. AND MRS. LAWRENCE N. JONES, of Sand Hill, N. Y., went to Syracuse September 15th, visited friends, attended the Onondaga county fair, which was held near the city, and returned home on the 19th, much pleased with their little trip and visit.

MR. ISAAC HEMBERT, who graduated at the blind department of the Virginia Institution last season, was one of the successful ones among the 34 applicants for teachers' licenses recently examined by County Superintendent Captain Charles Gratton at Staunton, Va.

A serio-comic entertainment will take place October 2d, when W. A. Bond will be tried for insulting the Manhattan Literary Association. The Brooklyn gas-bag will be likely to explode on the occasion. Every visitor should go prepared with a package of chlorate of lime.

WE are in receipt of a copy of the "Ninth Convention of Instructors of Deaf and Dumb," for 1878, a fine book of 317 pages. It is a book well worth perusing, a valuable present, and the sender (who is unknown to us,) whoever he may be, has our hearty thanks for it.

WE have received orders from some of our subscribers for cards containing the single-hand manual alphabet on one side and the double-hand alphabet on the other. We wish to inform all desiring such that we have not the metal plate for the double-hand alphabet, but think we shall have one before long.

MR. F. C. DAVIS, of Cambridge, Mass., has our thanks for two copies of the Saturday Night Out, of 1867, then published in the city of Boston by Edwin N. Bowes and edited by Wm. M. Chamberlain. It was a weekly paper, and was devoted to such literature as its motto, "A little nonsense now and then is related by the wisest men" indicates, but did not exist long, lacking support.

A week ago last Sunday evening, Dr. L. L. Post paid a glowing tribute to the late Collins S. Fay. He told of Mr. Fay's rise from comparative poverty to affluence and ease, and related many deeds of benefit done by him for the deaf and dumb. Dr. Post described the deathbed scene in a touching manner, recounting how he had interpreted Mr. Fay's last will and testament, and then in the silent morning had with his wife watched the dying Christian calmly sink to rest.

THE friends of James S. Wells will be pleased to hear that he has been appointed a teacher in the Baltimore institution for colored deaf-mutes. Mr. Morrison, the principal, was in New York recently and satisfied himself, by inquiries of Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, of Mr. Wells' fitness for the position. Mr. Wells starts for Baltimore about October 1st, when he will make arrangements for removing his family to his new field of labor. Mr. Wells has been of great service to Dr. Gallaudet as lay-reader, and he will be sadly missed.

IS the Morgan City (La.) Review we find the following business card, the members of the firm being both deaf-mutes: "We take the liberty of informing the public that we have put up a steam wood saw-mill; have now on hand a large lot of sawed and split ash wood, for small and large stoves, and shall be pleased to be favored with orders. Price: Ash wood (uncut) delivered, \$3. Ash wood, sawed and split, delivered, \$4. Respectfully,

R. B. LAWRENCE & BRO.

THE Wisconsin Deaf-Mute Press re-appears this year under somewhat different auspices from what it has hitherto. Two only of our office hands have any practical knowledge of the art of printing. The others are mere novices. Then, considering the limited time we have to devote to the work, only a brief hour or two morning and afternoon and a half day Saturdays, we trust our readers will deal leniently with our shortcomings, and not expect too much at first. We aim at a lofty mark, but will very probably fall far below it, yet recognize with the immortal bard that

"He who aims at the sky, Shoots higher than he who only sights a tree."

Though our effort is only a tiny, almost imperceptible, spark among the more imposing lights that illumine the hidden depths of the great concave of literature, we are not going to be put out. We intend to grow and gain in time a foothold among the more advanced papers of other institutions. We feel that with the press at large rests a great responsibility, in view of which reckless freedom becomes a betrayal of trust. The periodical literature of the present constitutes more than half the reading matter of the masses, and exerts, as well, a potent influence over every grade of society, thereby deeply affecting our national welfare. "Excellence" is our motto, and all that lies in our power towards elevating and purifying the moral atmosphere of our country we shall do gladly.—Press.

At the Manhattan Literary Association meetings the by-laws and constitution are completely ignored.

THE delightful weather we are now having makes one sigh for some far-off tale of the sea where winter blasts are never heard, where the scorching rays of the summer's sun are never felt, but where nature wears a diaphanous dress of variegated colors and autumn is perennial.—Virginia Gazette.

JOHN W. HESS recently visited New York, Brooklyn, and Jersey City, where he enjoyed himself immensely. He was also glad to see his friend James C. Stubbs, of Philadelphia, and they were at the Maryland Institution, at Frederick. He arrived home after a week's pleasant visit. He never saw those cities before.

OUR Watkins correspondent says: "Mr. Jacob Schneider, of Bradford, N. Y., was in Watkins, a guest of mine, last Friday. He said he came to town on purpose. Afterwards he learned that his deaf and dumb brother was at last found residing near Michigan City, Ind. He was very glad of it, and is very anxious to hear from him, for he had not seen or heard from him for a very long time."

ON the 14th of July James C. Stubbs, of Philadelphia, Pa., went to Wilmington, Del., to see some deaf-mute ladies and gentlemen for two days, and stopped at Pocomokeville, Md., on a visit to his friend George A. Gallion, Esq., with whom he set out for Baltimore, after staying at his home for one month. He visited Baltimore, to his great satisfaction. He was at the re-union picnic at Druid Hill Park in Baltimore, whence he started for Elyton, Md., to see Mr. Gibbs. He then visited his sister at Smyrna, Del., where he was taken sick, and confined to the house for five days. When he was better he returned home. On his two month's journey he enjoyed himself very much. He had a nice, pleasant time. He is very fond of reading the JOURNAL. He is expecting to go to Frederick, Md., in October. He stayed with John W. Hess in Baltimore for three days and at Peter Schwartz's home for a week. He hopes that the deaf-mutes will be interested in reading the JOURNAL.

THE Ontario Literary Club, composed of deaf-mutes of this village and vicinity, was organized at the residence of the editor of this paper on Saturday evening, September 20th. At 8 o'clock those present were called to order, and the business of the evening began by the appointment of a chairman, who stated the objects of the meeting, and then the election of officers for the ensuing year: President, Henry C. Rider; Vice-President, Miss Augusta Avery; Secretary, George L. Reynolds; Treasurer, Stephen Sinclair.

A committee of three, consisting of Messrs. Rider and Reynolds and Miss Avery, were appointed to draft a constitution and by-laws before the next meeting.

MR. L. L. BALL, Mrs. Grace Chandler, and Mrs. Rider were appointed a committee on lectures and debates, and hereafter meetings will take place on the third Friday evening of each month. Special meetings can be called by the president at any time.

MR. STEPHEN SINCLAIR will entertain the club by a lecture at the next regular meeting, upon which occasion some fine sentiments may be expected. All persons who contemplate visiting this village and desire to lecture before the club should address the secretary, in care of the editor of the JOURNAL, at least one week in advance of their proposed visit.

G. L. REYNOLDS, Secretary.

HIS PLAN.

Since we published our editorial on the national deaf-mute convention we have received the following letter from an intelligent semi-mute teacher in a deaf-mute institution:

"I think that, on the whole, your plan for starting the national convention is about as good as any that could be desired. My idea is that an executive committee should be elected—you to do it yourself—with yourself as chairman, and as such at the appointed time you will call the meeting to order and those present will elect their chairman or president, vice-presidents (of whom there should be a number from each State), and several secretaries, but no treasurer—all to hold office only while the meeting lasts. Then, before adjournment, let an executive committee of five, seven, or nine be appointed to fix things for the next convention, all moneys and property to be in possession of this committee. On re-assembling the same process is to be gone through with in the same manner as marks the mode of proceeding of all conventions of the hearing."

I am of the opinion that the chairman or president and some of the vice-presidents and secretaries and the orator and manager, if there is any, should come from the State in which the convention is to be held in a different State as long as possible, no two conventions being held in the same State oftener than once in five or six years. In regard to this you can establish the precedent at Syracuse, and also get it in the constitution, which I hope will be short and plain."

[The above plan seems very good, and we leave it to the consideration of outsiders who may wish to express their views on any point embodied therein. We think it a good thing to have officers elected from the State in which the convention is to be held, but the orator should be chosen from any part of the Union.]

We wait to hear from others on the above subject.—Ed.]

MARRIED:

BENEDICT—WESCOTT—At the residence of Mrs. E. Stone, in Oneida, Sept. 17th, 1879, by Rev. Geo. P. Hubbard, Mr. John Benedict, of Levanus, Cayuga Co., N. Y., to Miss Susan A. Wescott, of Oneida, N. Y., both graduates of the New York Institution for Deaf-Mutes.

OSWEGO COUNTY TEACHERS' INSTITUTE.

FULTON, N. Y. Oct. 13, 1879.

THE next session of the Teachers' Institute, conducted by Profs. Post and Kennedy, will be held in the village of Fulton, commencing Monday, October 13th, and continuing one week.

Arrangements have been made for board of Teachers in private families at 40 cents per day.

The instruction given at this session of the Institute will have especial reference to winter schools. The Teachers' Institute is no longer a matter of experiment, but an established factor in our educational work. It is designed expressly for the Teachers, and supplies a knowledge of methods which is indispensable, and which we believe can in no other way be so readily acquired. The deficiency most frequently observed in the Teacher is the method, or, in other words, he does not know how to teach. We do, therefore, consistently urge Teachers to attend the Institute. Endeavor to be prompt in your attendance the first day, that there may be no delay in the Institute work.

Teachers on arriving will please report at Nichols' hall.

W. B. HOWARD, H. D. NUTTING, JAY E. MCGUIRE, School Commissioners.

SELECTED RECIPES.

Ginger Cookies.—One cup sugar, two of molasses, two of butter or lard (I think butter is the best), three teaspoons saleratus. Scald all together; when cool, add three well beaten eggs, one heaping teaspoon ginger; do not roll very thin.

Lemon and Raisin Pie.—Two small lemons, one coffee cup of sugar, one egg, a small piece of butter, three large tablespoons of flour, two and one-half coffee cups boiling water, one coffee cup raisins, a little salt. Stir the flour in cold water and stir the beaten egg in after the mixture is cool enough not to scald it. This makes three pies.

Wash Vessels that have contained kerosene with thin milk or lime, which forms an emulsion with the petroleum, and removes all traces of it. By washing a second time with milk of lime and a very small quantity of chloride of lime, and allowing the liquid to remain in the vessel about an hour, and then washing it with cold water, the smell may be removed.

Shaker Pickles. to keep ten years, are made from half-grown cucumbers, fresh gathered, washed clean and packed in jars. Make a pickle of salt and water that will bear an egg; put in a piece of alum the size of a nutmeg to a gallon of brine; boil and skim it, and pour hot over the cucumbers; let it stand till cool, then pour off. Boil enough vinegar to cover your pickles, spices to taste, pour it over hot, first adding a small piece of alum. In two days these are ready to eat.

Grape Preserves.—Pick the grapes from the stems, pop the pulps from the skins, doing two at a time, one in each hand, between the thumb and finger; put the pulp in a porcelain kettle, and stew gently until the seeds are loosened; then strain and rub it through a sieve; weigh it with the skins, and to every pound of this allow one pound of granulated sugar, but do not put it in yet; put the skins and juice in the kettle and cover closely, and cook slowly until the skins are tender; while still boiling add the sugar, and move the kettle back, as it must not boil again; keep very hot for fifteen minutes, then, seeing that the sugar is thoroughly dissolved, pour the fruit in cans, and screw down the covers as quickly as possible. The grapes should be dead ripe, and none but those with tender skins should be used in this way. The Isabella is excellent, but the Concord defies time and patience with the thickness and toughness of its skin.

A Table.

For those who use the Book of Common Prayer.

SEPT. 28th, 1879.

MORNING SERVICE.

The Psalter for the 28th day of the month, or Selection.

1st Lesson—Judges iv.

2d Lesson—Mark xiii.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the sixteenth Sunday after Trinity.

EVENING SERVICE.

The Psalter for the 28th day of the month, or Selection.

1st Lesson—Judges v.

2d Lesson—1st Peter iii.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the sixteenth Sunday after Trinity.

THE DOG AND THE BABY.

The following is a remarkable but truthful story of an incident which happened in the house of a Philadelphia lady:

Mrs. J. is the owner of a fine Esquimaux dog, and is the mother of a beautiful little girl, of whom the dog became very fond. A few weeks ago baby was crying loud and long. Doggie came up stairs in evident distress of spirit, and whined in answer to the child's cry, but finally, as if a sudden thought had startled him, trotted quickly down stairs. He presently returned with a bone, well picked of course, in his mouth, which, standing on his hind legs, he gravely presented to the baby.

—Prohibitionists are making an active canvass of Iowa.

WHAT WILLIAM H. BLOOD SAYS OF MR. AND MRS. GOODELL.

JACKSON, Mich., Sept. 10, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I hope you will find this letter rather profitable for the deaf-mute, and publish it.

The mutes of Michigan, and especially of Jackson, have been hinted at by Miss Angie Fuller about charges made against Mr. and Mrs. Goodell by the respectable mutes of Iowa.

We are referred to charges against Mr. and Mrs. Goodell by the mutes of Iowa, as if we feel all right against them. We would be glad to hold the affidavit sworn against the tramps as to what they did wrong in Jackson, Mich., if Miss Angie Fuller or any other party does not believe it. Surely the mutes of Michigan, especially of Jackson, who have known Mr. and Mrs. Goodell, would have informed the deaf-mute public before this late day if she had a habit of appropriating other peoples' things. But I will tell you that the editor of the Mirror refuses to publish anything against the mutes of Michigan who do wrong. I thought the editor of the Mirror a curious fellow to not let the poor mutes of Michigan know when some others did wrong. I have been informed that some favorite correspondents of Mr. Pond wrote in haste, advising him to not publish what they did that was wrong. If so, I should not be surprised if the editor of the Mirror were called a little cowardly. I thought the Mirror had no right to publish anything against the JOURNAL, the best paper. I noticed, with pain, in the JOURNAL that Mr. and Mrs. Goodell, the rascally frands, practiced deliberate fraud, with a view to gaining unlawful and unfair advantage, among the mutes in Iowa.

I should be glad to have published what Goodell, the scoundrel and tramp, did to the mutes of Jackson, Mich.; but he failed in his attempts at fraud.

Some time in the month of December, 1875, Goodell represented that he was trying to raise money on my notes by selling them and putting the money into his own pocket. I did not let him "cod" me, and he did not leave anything but a deed of the right to manufacture the charms, but I would have to furnish all the means for doing so over and above the notes, I gave him, which he claimed were given to him for the simple deed of the right of manufacture. I told Mr. and Mrs. Goodell that it was not the agreement, and then, after much parleying, and several meetings, I demanded Mr. and Mrs. Goodell to give up my notes, of \$100 each, but they still hold my notes for \$50 each, which they claimed were for their damage. I had made a demand for them, to deliver up the \$50 notes, and had told them that if they did not give them up to me I would be ready to prosecute them in a court of justice for obtaining them by fraud. Truly yours,

WILLIAM H. BLOOD.

SOCIAL WHIMSICALITIES.

A Pennsylvania ladies' man says he is never satisfied that his lady friends understand a kiss unless he has it from their own mouths.

"What quantities of dried grasses you keep here, Miss Stebbins. Nice room for a donkey to get into." "Make yourself at home," she responded with gravity.

Joannette: "Ma, are you going to give me another piece of pie?" Ma: "What do you want to know for?" Joannette: "Because if you ain't I want to eat this piece slowly."

Little five-year-old: "Where are you going in such a hurry, Mr. Brown?" Mr. Brown: "To the bench show, my boy." "Oh, yes; pa said yesterday that you were going to the dogs as fast as you could."

"Why," asked a governess of her little charge, "do we pray to God to give us our daily bread? Why don't we ask for four days, or five days, or a week?" "Because we want it fresh," replied the ingenious child.

It is believed by some to be lucky if the initials of a wedded couple spell a word; but do not tell Frank Osborne so unless you want to see him mad. He married Olive Lena Smith, and, if we know anything, an F, two O's, an L, and an S spell fool.

A gentleman, being threatened with an infectious fever, said to his little son, who in an affectionate mood wished to embrace him, "You mustn't hug me; you'll catch the fever." Willie, standing back, looked in amazement upon his papa, who, by the way, is a pattern of propriety, and quickly asked: "Why, papa, who did hug you?"

A young woman who has never learned the gentle art of cookery, being desirous of impressing her husband with her knowledge and diligence, manages to have the kitchen door ajar on the day after their return from the bridal trip, and, just as her lord comes in from the office, exclaims loudly: "Hurry up, Eliza, do! Haven't you washed the lettuce yet? Here, give it to me; where's the soap?"

BRIEFS.

—It was Robert Bonner who bought Rarus.

—The lumber trade of the Northwest is looking up finely.</

Correspondence.

Although our columns are open for the publicity of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for, those expressed by any of our correspondents.

A VERY SENSIBLE LETTER FROM MISS ANGIE FULLER.

WHAT THE WRITER KNOWS ABOUT THE "REV." J. KENNEDY.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—The letter of Mr. George W. Evans which appeared in the July 7th edition of the JOURNAL interested me. First, because a lady who is well acquainted with some of Mr. Evans' Davenport, Ia., friends was recently inquiring about him; secondly, because I have heard of the self-dubbed Rev. J. Kennedy, and, from what I have heard, I can but feel that his preaching is but a silly farce—a shameful begging dodge, which, as Mr. E. says, "injures the deaf-mutes' reputation and business," and injures them probably more than the majority of them imagine. The following account of one of this J. Kennedy's performances was related to me by the two ministers whose names are given below.

Some fifteen years ago Rev. F. A. Hardin, father of my brother-in-law, Rev. F. B. Hardin, was preaching at a place in Indiana, the name of which I have forgotten. One day the above-mentioned J. K. called on him, and, by means of very "dummy" sentences and gestures, gave him to understand that he wanted to preach in the M. E. church. Not conversant with the deaf and dumb, and hoping for good results among the people, Mr. Hardin consented to the request, and a meeting was duly announced.

A goodly audience gathered at the appointed time. The reverend (?) dummy, having prayed, and shown his text to the minister, who kindly read it to the people, then proceeded to enlarge upon it by gestures, some of which were tolerably intelligible to the audience, but most of which were as Greek and Latin would have been. These gestures he ever and anon emphasized by tremendous fist-poundings and foot-stampings, interspersed frequently with terrific yells and Indian-like war-whoops. So vehement was his style of delivery that the children and women became considerably frightened. Minnie, the minister's little daughter, crawled under the seat behind her mother to hide, while Frank, then a boy of eleven years, to use his own expression, "sat trembling with fear that the savage-looking orator would eventually descend from the pulpit and scalp the entire congregation." Even the minister, himself, who tried to act as interpreter, accustomed though he was to noisy Methodist meetings, grew nervous under the unnecessary display of lung and muscular power, and tried, by pulling the exhibitor's coat-tail or nudging his elbows, to induce him to desist or even to lower his tones, which were unheeded, or, perhaps, were mistaken for applause, amen, and glories, as not until he had by repeated upward and downward pointings given the people glimpses of heaven and its glories, and hell and its wars, did he take the hint, say another prayer, and sit down.

Mr. Hardin, though greatly mortified at the boisterous and unnecessary display to which his church-members had been treated, desiring to make the best of a bad matter, took his hat and passed it around. Having made the circuit of the church, he handed the amount collected to the anxiously waiting K., who, having counted it over with looks of great dissatisfaction, wrote upon a large slate, which he carried around with him, "No enough money." While a guest at Mr. Hardin's he still further displayed his ignorance of language by writing "I want to ten and spoon," with other equally incorrect expressions. How long he remained in that place, or if ever again in that church, I cannot say, but I do say it is a shame that he has been allowed for so many years to continue his disgracefully ludicrous customs, and, under the pretense of superior piety, sponge his living out of a generous people.

It is simply amazing that, while there are so many honorable, intelligent deaf-mute men connected with the law and the press, he has been allowed for well-nigh twenty years to swindle his way from one State to another instead of being denounced and summarily put down, as he long ago should have been. Surely they have not justly comprehended the mischief that he and all his ilk are doing to themselves and deaf-mutes as a class or they would, ere this late day, have organized an impostor-detective league, or in some other way have endeavored to protect themselves and the public from the wrong that such impostors have done. Those deceitful wretches have been, and yet are, more numerous than the majority of wealthy mutes imagine. In cities and in country places stalwart men who look well able to support themselves, with a large family besides, under the plea "I am deaf and dumb," have robbed the generous and sympathizing of their hard-earned, much-needed money. Here, in my native place, only a few summers ago a scamp, with the plea of deafness, canvassed the town. He had so little knowledge of signs, spelling, and writing that a twelve-year-old deaf-mute girl, who saw him coming over his basely-gotten gains by the handful, declared him to be a pretender.

Last year, while in Chicago, a brother who is an adept at finger talking said to me, "Do you know a deaf man by the name of—?" "No," I replied. "What of him?" The answer was, "He was here in the store a little while ago begging. He can talk, but says he cannot hear. Calvin tells me

he was in here some two weeks ago asking help, and then he was dumb." I vented my indignation by telling my brother that he should have promptly turned him over to the tender mercies of a faithful policeman, and assured him, as I assure all others, that very few of the really deaf and dumb ever beg; they are taught at school to work, and live honestly, and the most of them do. As for the few who do beg, it is far better that they should be refused aid, even when aid is greatly needed, than that the general public should be imposed upon by those who are not at all afflicted, or that the deaf and dumb, as a class, should be placed under the dire ban of contempt or suspicion, for the world over, people who discover that they have been deceived, cheated, or in any way imposed upon are like burned children—they ever "fear the fire."

It seems to be the plan of all pretended deaf beggars to keep as clear of the really deaf as possible, for the obvious reason that their ignorance of signs, finger letters, and deaf-mute ways generally, especially their lack of information in regard to the locations of deaf and dumb institutions, quickly betray them to all the truly initiated, and, of course, for the nonce, spoils their business.

Some very laughable stories of the trapping and warning out of pretended deaf men have been related, but while some have been caught and severely punished, as before intimated, there are plenty left to shame men and their Creator.

It is to be feared that the Tramp act, now in force in some of the States, which exempts the deaf and dumb with several other classes of unfortunate, will be taken advantage of by some unprincipled men, who will hasten to swell the number. Therefore it behooves all teachers and ministers or friends of the deaf to portray to them in true colors the disgrace of begging, and the magnitude of the wrong which a really deaf beggar encourages impostors to perpetrate. Independent, will-work, never-beg pledges might be drawn up and circulated among the pupils at institutions as are temperance pledges, thereby imparting and fostering a spirit of self-reliance.

When any adult mutes who are able to work are found begging, unless driven thereto by the most severe adversity, let them be despised, as they deserve. Let the impostors be sharply watched, and wherever found exposed, and punished to the full limit of the law.

Now, gentlemen of the law, the press, and the pulpit, don't forget that there is work for you to do at every point of the compass, work which, if it does not bring you much personal enrichment, will benefit the class to which a wise Providence has allied you. Wake up quickly to a just appreciation of your responsibilities as leaders of a growing part of society, and begin the discharge of your God-allotted duty by putting down, along with J. K., all mutes who, wherever their evil minds or lazy legs will carry them, are making the deaf and dumb to some cautious persons a laughing-stock, a suspicion, or an utter excretion.

ANGIE FULLER.

August, 1879.
[The "Rev." J. K. made us a call three or four years ago, and desired us to interpret for him to the pastor of the M. E. Church, asking the use of the church for services, to be conducted by J. K. Rev. S. P. Gray knowing nothing of the man, we discouraged him from letting the immortal J. K. in, and that was the end of his contemplated fraud here under his religious cloak. But it is fair, perhaps, to say that had he begun his ridiculous proceedings in the church he would probably have been ejected without a great deal of ceremony. The "Rev." J. K. was invited to dine at our table. Ever fervent in his religious zeal, the "Rev." J. K. offered a specimen of his characteristic prayers. Whether the prayer ascended higher than his head or did not we cannot say, and have no right to judge, but we do know that his noisy, boisterous demonstrations were heard far and wide, and some of our neighbors came in to ascertain if they were the agonizing groans of a scalded dog, burned child, or a dying crime was being enacted. We gave "Rev." J. K. a small sum of money, and did not urge (?) him to remain over night, not caring to have the pow-wow again acted under our roof, and not wishing to run the risk of being prosecuted on a charge of keeping a disorderly house.—Ed. JOURNAL.]

REV. THOMAS GALLAUDET STEELE.
FOUR PREACHERS' ROOM WORTH MORE THAN THEIR PRESENCE.

Mr. Editor:—The service conducted by the Rev. Thomas Gallaudet at Trinity Church yesterday afternoon was attended by a goodly number of mutes, in spite of the unfavorable weather. It was a solemn and beautiful sight to witness the baptism of the three little children of Mr. and Mrs. Grusha, and, it being the first opportunity the writer has had of enjoying the privilege of attending a service conducted by the Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, I was both surprised and delighted to see the good doctor distinguish with all firesome ritualistic forms and, instead, treat his audience to an earnest spiritual discourse, which was listened to with close attention. I was much impressed at the graceful and dignified, yet clear and earnest, manner of Dr. Gallaudet's delivery. I may be treading on delicate ground, but a regard for the truth compels me to say that among our present preachers there are few whose style of address bears any harmony with the sacred subjects treated. Indeed I may

go farther, and say that there is not only a lack of harmony, but oftentimes such a decided incongruity that many among the audience, aye, even among the less intelligent, have expressed themselves as both shocked and disgusted. And this leads to the sad reflection that scarcely one-third of our present lay-preachers have the apostolic "call" to preach; and, not having this "call," it is becoming a generally admitted fact that their presence in the preachers' desks is only doing an injury to the cause of religion.

I will say no more at present upon this matter, but will merely add that, after Dr. Gallaudet's service, I was pleased to exchange greetings with a number of intelligent ladies and gentlemen, including several visitors, of whom I will merely mention Messrs. H. White, G. E. Fischer, D. W. Cary, George Homer, E. J. Welch, and Moses Heyman and Misses Myra E. Alden and Kate Miller.

Yours respectfully,
NON SECTARIAN CORRESPONDENT.
Boston, Mass., Sept. 15, 1879.

NEWPORT NOTES.

NEWPORT, Ky., Sept. 15, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—For the benefit of those desiring to visit the seventh exposition to be held in Cincinnati until the 10th of October, and perhaps two weeks longer, I will state that all the railroads connecting with that city are selling tickets at reduced rates every day, keeping them busy in the morning like a time-keeper. Arrangements have been made for its success, which has reminded me of the skillfulness and industry not only produced by the citizens of the Queen City, but those who have arranged their own works for exhibition. Besides, good board can be had in any part of the city cheaper than in the East. If any other place of amusement is to be sought at the time, it is still more pleasant to go to the Zoo, which has brought so many visitors every year. Newport is the next place, on the other side of the river, if good society is solicited. Newport has grown in popularity. It has an excellent society, only intended for the advancement and the entertainment of those who do not belong to the class ably described by Miss Fuller in your issue of two weeks ago. Her writings on the subject are of valuable service to those who have allowed themselves to be deprived of the power of self-controlling, as well as the youth, desiring to make themselves useful, industrious, and upright citizens.

Mrs. E. M. Gray, M. D., who has been widely known in Cincinnati since moving from the East, is evidently in accord with Miss Fuller's idea, and, in addition, has volunteered to give excellent opinions for publication, for which many lovers of truth and honesty heartily thank her.

Newport gave a hearty greeting to Mrs. Smithson, who returned home Saturday noon, after having been absent ten days enjoying the western air, by which she is looking much improved. Her friends claim that it is her intention to stay here through the coming winter, for she seems to think less of any other place.

Mrs. J. H. Vance contemplates going east in two weeks, with a view of spending a day or two at the fair. She will be welcomed there, and will be accompanied home by one of her friends. Probably Mrs. Smithson will join her.

Mr. F. Mettenberger, who volunteered to make a great raid into Southern Ohio for the purpose of affecting an organization for a mute school, writes that he is busily organizing one in Hillsboro, O. His friends wish him every success in his efforts.

Mr. J. M. Byrns will be here this week from the South, where he has been successful in his business. He is now looked upon as the man who has the means to get up an entertainment during the coming winter, as he used to. He has been called "Mike," and what for? In the other place he has been called a kind-hearted man because something is still expected from him. But it is a surprising fact that he has changed his mind for better, and still hopes that they will be satisfied and make no further complaints.

To the great delight of Mr. and Mrs. Vance, Mr. J. Barick gave them a long call Thursday night, and left with many evidences of delightful enjoyment, which will induce him to call again in a short time.

Mr. Hoagland, who entered the Kentucky Institution in 1831, made a short visit here yesterday, and reported that his wife is still sick, having been confined to her bed for some four months, yet some hopes are entertained for her recovery.

The boat is about to leave, and I must not close without bidding Newport a most affectionate farewell.
CHRISTIE.

CONFESSES THAT HE IS MISTAKEN.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—My attention was called to an item in the last issue of the JOURNAL declaring that I was mistaken in reporting that Professor Johnson commended the *Leader*, together with the JOURNAL, which I had included with my congratulatory note to the *Leader*. On noticing the mistake, I looked in the JOURNAL of September 4th to review Mr. Johnson's remarks, thus finding that I was mistaken. I regret my doing wrong, as I ought to have looked before I leaped, and I shall write to the *Leader*, to correct the same. I understand that Mr. Johnson meant to commend the *Educator*, (not the *Leader*) together with the JOURNAL, and also to justly criticize the *Leader*.
Yours respectfully,
RUSSELL SMITH.

Watkins, N. Y., September 19, 1879.

OHIO DEAF-MUTE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

THIRD DAY'S PROCEEDINGS—CONDENSED REPORT.

The exercises were opened with prayer by Superintendent Fay. R. P. McGregor, chairman of the Hubbell memorial committee, made his report, which was to the effect that the committee were unable to procure the required amount of funds needed for the memorial, and referred the matter back to the association. After discussion it was voted to give up the idea of securing a marble bust of Mr. Hubbell, and substitute a painting thereof. The money collected for the first named purpose was refunded to the subscribers, and a committee, consisting of Messrs. S. M. Freeman, Emory Shoop, Elias Myers, Joseph Berry, and Miss Belinda Maginnis, was appointed to secure subscriptions for a painting.

Messrs. Freeman, Fancher, and Anthoni were appointed a committee on resolutions, also Messrs. Shoop and Crandon and Mrs. Robert Patterson, Miss Maginnis, and Mrs. J. M. Park were appointed a committee on an exhibition at the next re-union.

The report of the committee on a revision of the constitution and by-laws of the association was made, and, after discussion and slightly amending, was adopted. The only change of importance made was the dropping of the board of managers, consisting of five members, and substituting therefor an executive committee of three, who are to perform the same duties as were required of the managers, and, in addition, have general charge of the arrangements of the next re-union.

At the afternoon session resolutions were reported and unanimously adopted expressing the thanks of the association to the board of trustees, Superintendent G. O. Fay, and other officers of the institution for their kindness and courtesy in making the members' visit pleasant and comfortable; Superintendent Fay for his eloquent and interesting oration delivered before the association; to the president for the able manner in which he presided over the sessions of the association; to Superintendent Fay, Dr. Gallaudet, and Rev. A. W. Mann for their entertaining and instructive addresses to the association; to the committee of arrangements for their efforts in making the re-union successful and enjoyable; to the members, and to all the railroads entering at Columbus, except the Baltimore and Ohio, for their kindness in allowing members of the association to return at reduced rates.

Resolutions of sorrow and regret were passed at the demise of the following members, who had passed away since the last re-union in 1875: Messrs. Frederick Anthoni, Jr., Stephen W. Spencer, Joseph Sawhill, Marion Vanderveer, William A. Gardner, William Yustison, Mrs. Alice Johnson, (nee Hall), and Mrs. Ada Carr; likewise a series of resolutions on the death of General Kent Jarvis, a former much honored and beloved trustee of the institution.

After the adoption of these resolutions Mr. Fay exhibited from the platform relics consisting of a part of a whip stick and spoke of a wheel of the carriage in which Rev. Collins Stone was riding at the time the railroad accident occurred in which he met his sad death. Mr. H. B. B. Mc Masters, of Pittsburg, presented the articles, and they will be placed in the museum of the institution.

The election of officers resulted in the choice of the following persons: President, R. P. McGregor, Cincinnati; Vice-President, Samuel M. Freeman, Cave Springs, Ga.; Recording Secretary, A. B. Greener, Columbus; Corresponding Secretary, P. M. Park, Columbus; Treasurer, Ira Crandon, Girard. The several officers, after their election, returned thanks for the honor conferred, and promised to discharge the duties of their office to the best of their ability.

The president announced the following persons to serve as an executive committee, all residents of Columbus, as the constitution requires: Messrs. J. M. Park, Robert Patterson, and Matthew G. Rafterton.

At eight o'clock in the evening a farewell meeting was held. A dozen or more of the oldest graduates, including Messrs. Samuel Flenknier, P. M. Park, and Miss Carpenter, who entered the institution in 1829, the year of its establishment. Shortly after Governor R. M. Bishop was escorted to the platform by Superintendent Fay, and the president of the association, Mr. R. P. McGregor, welcomed him in the name of the association to its rooms. The Governor responded very feelingly, and is said by one who heard him to have made one of the best speeches in his life. Rev. A. G. Byers, Secretary of the State Board of Charities, also made an address, followed by Superintendent G. O. Fay, who expressed his pleasure at the successful meeting that the association was just winding up, and hoped they would all safely reach their homes, bearing with them many kindly remembrances of their gathering. Dr. Byers closed the meeting with a benediction, after which the members, as they filed out of the chapel, were personally introduced to the Governor. Refreshments were then served in the halls, and the remainder of the evening was spent in social discourse.

The next day nearly all the members returned to their respective homes, a few stopping over to attend the State fair, which was then in progress.

The re-union was a success, both financially and socially. One hundred and ninety-three members were registered, and in addition to these there were some forty visitors present. The condition of the treasury is healthy.

After paying all expenses something over one hundred dollars will remain, while after the re-union of 1875 only thirty-nine dollars and a few cents were left to the credit of the association.

Governor Bishop, during his attendance at the re-union, inspected the various articles exhibited by mutes at the exposition, and expressed himself as well pleased and surprised at the skill and fine workmanship devoted upon the articles exhibited.

The executive committee of the association held a meeting shortly after their appointment, and organized by electing Mr. M. G. Rafterton chairman and Mr. Robert Patterson secretary of the committee, in compliance with the constitution and by-laws of the association. At the same meeting they also chose Mr. G. W. Chase orator for the next re-union, with Mr. Samuel M. Freeman as alternate.

COLUMBUS.

A TRIBUTE TO W. A. BOND.

WANTS HIM SUMMARILY EXPELLED.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I wish to give Bond a piece of my mind through your reliable paper.

What on earth does he expect to gain by the boisterous wind he has been raising about those who devote their time to promote the welfare of mutes, including himself? Certainly he will gain nothing good, but the indescribable contempt and odium of all respectable mutes. However, he is one of those who have eyes, but won't see. He is simply a fool beyond all doubt, and a great disgrace to his family. All the persons who uphold his disgusting sheet are evidently of his own type, since that paper has not a single respectable subscriber. It does neither good nor harm to anybody, as its wretched editor seems to believe—because it is destitute of veracity—but looks as though it was a devil leading Bond with a rope round his neck to misery and woe.

Bond makes shameful attacks upon the good man through whom many a deaf-mute has got a happy home and upon whom mutes depend to find employment for them, and than whom the poorest mute can't have a better friend. The good man is no other than Rev. Dr. Gallaudet. He does not live for himself, but for others. At one of the recent meetings of the Manhattan Literary Association Bond treated the benevolent minister meanly, and went so far as to tell him that he should be sent to jail! What a base dog Bond is! If he had any sense of his meanness, he ought to crawl on all fours the rest of his natural life; it's downright impudence in him to think of walking upright on two legs like a true gentleman.

Manhattan Literary Association! Awake and see how greatly the despicable member has disgraced you! Do you allow him to rule you any longer? Can you basely fold your arms and see him blackening the sacred name of the founder of your own church? Is such a thing as the above not more than sufficient to justify his immediate expulsion? Behold the eyes of the numerous mutes scattered over this broad land! They are fixed upon you to see what you will do to the scoundrel. Rise and turn him out, and by so doing, you will not fail to convince the world of the fact that you are worthy of the honor which has been conferred upon you.

THE "NEW DEPARTURE" OF CYRUS O. HACKMAN.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Sept. 16, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—It affords me great pleasure to write a short account, for your paper, concerning Cyrus O. Hackman, a deaf-mute who recently entered into a new relationship.

Cyrus O. Hackman, who graduated at the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, in the City of Brotherly Love, about seven years ago, has, since his graduation, occupied himself in the tailor business.

While at school he was a smart, industrious, and active-minded scholar, and, becoming engaged as an apprentice in the tailor business in the institution, he performed his work with much activity and soon became one of the best tailors in the shop. After completing his six years, Cyrus left the institution, returned to his native land in Pine Grove, and was soon employed as a tailor in the shop of Mr. Helms, in Pine Grove, whom he served for a few years. Having resolved to work for himself, he removed his occupation into a nice little room in front of his father's residence, which is on Main street, opposite Feger's barber shop. His father, who is employed in the tannery of D. Gensemer & Co., is a good-natured man, and they all live comfortably together. As Cyrus is the only tailor in Pine Grove, he has a great deal of work and earns good wages. The following is his advertisement printed in the *Schuylkill County Herald*, published in Pine Grove: "Thankful for past favors, I ask a continuance of your patronage. A good fit guaranteed to all who favor me with their patronage. Prices to suit the times. Scouring and mending neatly done. Room near Halderman's jewelry store."

Cyrus O. Hackman entered into a new relationship on the 3d of July, 1879, with Miss Emma Dixon, a semi-mute and a resident of Tremont, Schuylkill county, Penn. Emma lost her hearing when she was about three years old. She never entered a deaf and dumb institution, although she is well educated and can spell very well with her fingers. The wedding took place in a church in Tremont in the evening of the day mentioned above. The next morning the bride and groom returned to Pine Grove, and in the afternoon a few other deaf-mutes and

some of his friends were invited to the wedding dinner. Cyrus intends to go with his father to Kansas next winter or next summer.

Hackman is a fine-looking gentleman, and his wife is good-natured, kind, and beautiful. I wish them happiness and comfort during their married life.
A FRIEND OF HIS.

FANCY DREAMS.

Some young ladies regard marriage as a fairy lane, where violets and roses perpetually blossom, and where the waters of tranquillity and sweetness uninterruptingly flow. Tell them there are briars in their stead; though they will not contradict, yet they do not credit you, for they believe their love and their devotion for each other will exempt them from the cares and anxieties of common humanity. All lovers before marriage, conceive that their destiny will be an exception to the general rule, the future with them will be "toujours bonheur de vous." Could you give them a sketch of their future life they would not believe a word of it. They would set you down as a misanthrope, a painter of gloomy and unnatural scenes, an enemy to the hopes and inspirations of youth. The dark spots that the telescope of your experience might discover they but regard as mole-hills in the moon. If they would reflect a little, how much misery they would avoid.

Now the best way is when the honeymoon passes away, setting behind dull mountains, or dipping silently into the stormy sea of life, the trying hour of married life has come: Between the parties there are no more illusions. Then begins, or should begin, the business of adaptation. If they find that they do not love each other as they thought they did, they should redouble their assiduous attentions to each other, and be jealous of everything that tends to separate them. Life is too precious to be thrown away in secret regrets or open indifference. Renew the attentions of earlier days; draw your hearts closer together; talk the thing all over; there is no other way for you to do if you would avoid future bickerings and consequent unhappiness.

Both "Heartsease" and "Rambler" have given good advice on this subject, and may we not hear from others, particularly from Miss Angie Fuller, "A. E. A.," and Mrs. E. M. Gray? They are all qualified to discuss the subject in all its branches.

SQUID.

Boston, Mass., Sept. 20, 1879.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Permit me with pleasure to write a little news, for your readers will look at it when they get your JOURNAL.

Summer is over, and autumn has come. The weather is very pleasant and delightful to-day.

A young deaf-mute gentleman, who sometimes visited her, told me that Miss Kate Quinn died of consumption a few weeks ago. She had been confined by sickness for a long time. I cannot give you all the particulars about her, as I do not know many of them, but a lady who was her favorite friend told me that she was very sick last summer. She was a shirt maker. It is said that she was a graduate of the New York Institution for Deaf-Mutes.

Miss E. D. Clapp, of Brooklyn, N. Y., a former teacher in the Minnesota Institution for Deaf-Mutes, was in town last week, and spent her time pleasantly in visiting us. She is a pleasant, intelligent lady. She expects to return home in a few days. Messrs. J. T. Elwell, and Robert M. Zeigler, a student of the National Deaf-Mute College, had a good visit with her.

Mr. Brewster R. Allabough, of Norristown, Pa., was in town last week. Many of his friends were glad to meet him again. He was enjoying himself very much in making us a pleasant visit of a few days, and all like him heartily. He has released himself from his duties in the Pennsylvania Institution for Deaf-Mutes, having prepared for admission to the deaf-mute college. He was the president of the temperance society and also of the boys' association in the institution last year. He has gone to Washington, where he will begin work as a new student from Pennsylvania. I have no hesitation in saying that he will be very successful in his studies.

Mr. W. Will, formerly of Harrisburg, his wife, and five children were in town last Saturday. They live in Easton, Pa. They expect to remain a week here to visit their friends and cousins. Mr. Will is a carpenter by trade.

Mr. William H. Lipsett, a graduate of the Pennsylvania Institution in 1878, is working for James Arnold & Co., blank book and paper ruler manufacturers. His occupation is paper-making work. If you wish to get any paper or blanks cheap, you can order them of Mr. William H. Lipsett, who will be pleased to send them by mail or express. His price is cheap. His address is No. 1, 108 South Thirteenth street, Philadelphia. I would recommend him as being an honest dealer.

On the 10th of September the Philadelphia Clero Literary Association of Deaf-Mutes was re-opened with a social. President Zeigler made a little address, saying that he was pleased to see the deaf-mutes again. He introduced Mr. F. Ewell, a recent graduate of the National Deaf-Mute College, who delivered an address before the association. He said he should be interested in the deaf-mute work of improvement, and hoped he would be able to act for their interest and welfare. He is trying to get up a day-school in this city for little deaf-mute children.

Prof. E. M. Gallaudet, President of the National Deaf-Mute College, stop-

ped here to visit his brother-in-law a short time.

The meeting of the Ephphatha Guild Church will be re-opened in the room of the Sunday-school, rear of St. Stephen's Church, on the 18th of September. Mr. Fortescue will preside over the meeting in the absence of Rev. H. W. Syle.

Mr. Eddie Seger, of Allentown, Pa., is visiting his friends here for a few days.

Mr. William R. Catlingworth has moved to No. 424 Thirty-second street, West Philadelphia, has a comfortable house, and perhaps he will make it his future home.

Mr. Bobert M. Zeigler, a student of the National Deaf-Mute College, remained in this city two weeks, and had a delightful time. He is liked by all his friends. He went home on the 9th inst., and will return to college on the 17th.

I met Rev. H. W. Syle at church. He said he felt improved, but he has the same pain in his head. He has not preached to us for a long time. He was compelled to stop work, and is resting from his church duties, but he is able to attend church where Mr. Fortescue or Henry Stevenson conducts the services. We still have mission work in church, because God is our best friend.

On the evening of the 8th of September a party was given by Miss Sarah A. Graham in honor of her friends. Eighteen deaf-mutes were invited, and they had a splendid time.

The installation of the new officers of the Philadelphia Library Association will be held on the 25th of September (the last Thursday evening). President John D. Zeigler will retire from office. He will deliver an address before retiring. Mr. M. C. Fortescue, the president-elect, will be installed. All deaf-mutes are invited to attend in the evening. I will write more after the installation.

Yours respectfully,
A PHILADELPHIAN.
Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 16, 1879.

A LETTER FROM STEPHEN W. FITCH.

NORTH WALTON, N. Y., Sept. 13, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I enclose 75 cents to renew my subscription, which will expire on the 2d of next month. The JOURNAL is a readable and interesting paper which every deaf-mute in the country ought to read.

I send you a little news, but you may abridge it or throw this poor letter into your waste basket if you prefer to. I am not proud, like a peacock, to have my name in the JOURNAL, but I am to read it.

On the 27th day of November last I went to the Wesley Water Cure at Delaware Water Gap, Pa. I stayed there four months for my health. I was improving very well. On the 1st of last June I had seven spells of cramping in one night. I was given up, to die soon. When I was strong enough I employed only water as my medicine. Water is a natural medicine, for it belongs to God; therefore all medicines invented by men are humbugs. The electric physician, who came here for me, was a young, healthy man. He died from a spasm a few weeks ago.

Some time ago Francis Seely, a graduate of the New York Institution and a shoemaker by trade, worked alone in his shop in this place for a time. His business failed, and he went home to live with his parents at Franklin, N. Y., about seven miles from here.

Everett E. Jay, a graduate of the New York Institution, was a good carpenter at Walton, N. Y., some years ago. He has gone to Rockale, N. Y. His home is at Franklin, N. Y. I have not seen him for a long time.

When Seely or Jay come to see me I will send you news about other deaf-mutes. No deaf-mute but me lives here, so I have no chance to send you deaf-mute news regularly. I would have been pleased, with all my heart, to give you news about deaf-mutes. "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

I have a little book containing 63 pages. It was presented to me by a friend from the Wesley Water Cure. Its title is, "It is I, or the Voice of Jesus in the Storm." It was published by the American Tract Society at 50 Nassau street, New York. It is so interesting to me that I like to read it again and again. Deaf-mutes who have no chance to go to church for deaf-mutes, or who may desire to be prepared for heaven, should read it, and I have no doubt that it would be a great comfort to them, as it has been to me.

I am sincerely sorry that the *Leader* is a bad paper, and hope that Bond will give it up soon. Yours truly,
STEPHEN W. FITCH.

HO! FOR SYRACUSE!!

EDITOR JOURNAL:—After making a careful perusal of your very able editorial article in regard to the coming national deaf-mute convention, in the last issue of the JOURNAL, I certainly prefer it to all other articles, for want of a leader. Therefore I take my quill to agree and write and name the city of Syracuse as the place for inaugurating and holding the first national deaf-mute convention in the latter part of August, 1880.

Any of your western readers will please bear in mind that in some weeks I shall become a resident of Council Bluffs, Ia., for one or two years, and thus I would hail from that place to Syracuse. Yours in earnestness,
RUSSELL SMITH.

—Charles A. Dana, writing from abroad, declares that "one bad harvest, or a dozen of them, will not ruin England."

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, SEPT. 25, 1879.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.

PARENTAL FOLLY.

To compel a child to eat an article of food for which he has no appetite, nay, may have a positive disgust in swallowing the hateful mouthful. Parents do this from the very best of motives, thinking it would add to their child's health or comfort in after life to have learned to eat the article in question. It is just as great an outrage as to compel a man to eat a piece of fried snake, to compel a child to eat a piece of fat meat when his stomach revolts against it; the inhumanity of it is greater, because the child, unresisting and helpless, is made to comply by the one he loves best in the world.

The instincts of childhood should be held, in a measure, sacred to them; and it may be safe to say what nature craves the body has use for. Every man is at liberty to ride any hobby to death he chooses; if he wants to ride to his undoing, he may have the right to do it, with some restrictions; but to "have a theory" and kill his child in the attempt to carry it out, to make it practical, is not to be applauded.

If a man wishes to teach his child to relish any article of food which he does not like now, a safe method of bringing it about is to take a long walk or ride, far from any human habitation, and after a child has been some time complaining of being hungry, present the article in question to him, and let him taste it if he will, and in a little while taste it again; in this way he may be taught to love it in a very short time. The conclusion of the whole matter is this: To compel the swallowing of a mouthful of food against the appetite or inclination for it, is certainly a wicked taste of that much; it gives no helpful nourishment to the body, is a violence to nature, a shock to the system, and invites loathsome, painful, and even fatal maladies.

HOW A BRAVE LAD KILLED A PANTHER.

A few days ago, while Mr. W. H. Higgins, living about two and a half miles from Kenovo, on the dividing ridge between Paddy's and Drury's runs, was working in his field making hay he saw an animal in a distant part of the field making off with a hen. He thought it a fox, and called the attention of his son George, a lad of fourteen, to it. George is fond of hunting, and getting his gun he started off for the fox, accompanied by his five-year-old brother and a hound. They had not been long when Mr. Higgins heard several continuous yells of the most terrible kind. The animal had been treed by the dog, and its half-human shrieks rent the air with terrible distinctness, like the shrill agonized voice of a woman in dire distress. The excited father and his field hands at once made for the point whence came these foreboding sounds, and ere they had reached the spot they met George dragging a huge female panther measuring five feet one inch in length and standing two feet high. The boys had followed the dog to a big tree, up which the panther had gone about sixty-five feet. When the eldest lad saw the animal, crouched and glaring above, he felt that it was either to be a dead panther or a death struggle between it and himself and little brother. He was a good shot generally, but here was to be the severest test his young eye and nerves had ever been put to, and one that might well have tried an older and stouter hunter. He drew the bead and fired, feeling as he did so, he says, as if he had been lifted clear off his feet. But there was the hungry brute yet, crouching on the limb, its eyes fairly fit to burst in their malignant glare. Bang went the gun of our brave young hunter just as the panther sprang. It seemed, said the lad, as though the animal sprang out from the tree about twenty-five feet, then came straight down, lighting on the dog, about sixteen feet from the boys. The young hunter again thought he had missed. Clanking his gun, he advanced upon the brute to strike it, but it rolled over dead before he could do so. Examination proved that his first shot had struck about four inches back of the heart, and the last one in the heart. It was bravely and well done, and but for the steady nerve and true aim of the lad he and his little brother would doubtless have fallen victims to the animal's ravenous hunger.—*Lockhaven (Pa.) Democrat.*

Got the Wrong Sign on.—Two beggars are in the habit of standing on the corner of one of the busiest streets; one, according to the sign on his bosom, deaf and dumb, the other blind, with the children, an invalid wife and a paralyzed mother-in-law to support. The other day the deaf and dumb man stood alone on the corner, with a bunch of shoe strings around his neck, eyes tight shut. A gentleman dropped a nickel in the hat, and was greatly surprised to hear the deaf and dumb man ask, "Don't you want your shoe strings?" "How is this, I read you were deaf and dumb?" said the gentleman. The blind man immediately opened his eyes and exclaimed, "Why, great snakes, I've got the wrong sign on."—*Boston Paper.*

A despatch from Dublin to London says: "A considerable portion of the Irish harvest is irreparably lost, but if fine weather should continue for two or three weeks there will be a very large amount saved."

SUNDAY READING.

STEP BY STEP.

Heaven is not reached by a single bound; But we build the ladder by which we rise From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies, And we mount to its summit round by round.

We rise by the things that are under our feet; By what we have mastered in greed and gain, By the pride deposited and the passion slain, And the vanquished ill we hourly meet.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we trust, When the morning calls to life and light; But our hearts grow weary, and ere the night Our lives are trailing in a sordid dust.

Wings for the angels, but feet for the men! We must borrow the wings to find the way; We may hope and resolve and aspire and pray, But our feet must rise or we fall again.

Only in dreams is the ladder thrown From the weary earth to the sapphire wall! But the dreams depart and the visions fall, And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound; But we build the ladder by which we rise From the lower earth to the vaulted skies, And we mount to its summit round by round.

—J. G. Holland.

THEY ALSO SERVE WHO STAND AND WAIT.

What a cheering thought this is to very many of us! How frequently when we look around and see people who always seem to know how to say and do the right thing at the right time—seeming to be always active and always of use; we muse on our own littleness and uselessness, and wonder why, with all our endeavors, we can not be as thoughtful as they are. While perhaps, if we could only think so, we are at that time doing the most important work we could do by being in readiness to lend a helping hand whenever it is required.

It is not given us all to work in the same manner, else there would be some vacant places among the operatives. If we were all active, busy, go-ahead workers—all gathering sheaves for the Lord of the Harvest—there would be none left to glean the straws from the border of the field. Let us not then be weary of our life-work, be it ever so obscure; but remember that "God, who counts by souls, not stations," loves and prospers you and me. And let us also take courage when we think that the same hand which formed the torrent mountain stream, rushing headlong to its destiny, also formed with equal care the little babbling brook, which makes green the pastures through which it murmurs.

THE RELIGION WE WANT.

We want a religion that softens the step, and tunes the voice to melody, and fills the eye with sunshine, and checks the impatient exclamation and harsh rebuke—a religion that is polite, deferential to superiors, courteous to inferiors, and considerate to friends, a religion that goes into the family, and keeps the husband from being cross when dinner is late, and keeps the wife from fretting when he tracks the newly washed floor with his muddy boots, and makes him mindful of the scraper and the door mat; keeps the mother patient when the baby is cross, and amuses the children as well as instructs them; cares for the servants as well as pays them promptly; projects the honey-moon into the harvest-moon, and makes the happy home like the eastern fig-tree, bearing in its bosom at once the beauty of the tender blossom and the glory of the ripened fruit. We want a religion that shall interpose between the ruts and the gullies and rocks of the highway of life and the sensitive souls that are traveling over them.

ACCORDING TO YOUR ABILITY.

"Every man according to his ability," is the Christian rule of giving and working. It is not very faithfully obeyed. There are many persons who have great ability, but who do nothing; who have not much leisure, but who give no time to the Lord's work; who have a little money, but put none at all into His treasury. Those who have a little and give nothing violate the Christian law just as truly as do those who have much and give a little. There are a great many persons, young and old, in all our churches, whose means and opportunities are limited, from whom not much ought to be expected; but they are able to do something, and they do nothing. They are transgressors of the Christian law. They ought to repent, and do works meet for repentance.—*Sunday Afternoon.*

We may know the love of Christ, and be filled with the love and comfort by it, even as we know by experience the coolest refreshment of a fountain whose depths we cannot fathom, and rejoice in the warm beams of the sun, whose greatness we cannot comprehend. They who best know that love, understand best what the Apostle means when he says it "passeth all knowledge."—*Dr. Van Dyck.*

To familiarize, to endear the thought of God, without degrading the conception; to bring Him within the sphere of human affections without impairing His majesty, is the triumph of the Bible.—*Henry Rogers.*

Those are the best Christians who are more careful to reform themselves than to censure others.—*Fuller.*

The children of God have much in hand, and much more in hope.

LIP LANGUAGE.

A VISIT TO THE HORACE MANN SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF—WHAT OUR CITY FATHERS ARE DOING.

[Boston Traveller.]

The deaf and dumb institution is an institution long ago organized, and one of the most urgent necessities of our system of education. The expense of maintaining these schools or homes has in almost every instance been borne by the States. For this reason people have looked upon them rather in the light of State institutions, and have classed them with the poor houses, and have even gone so far as to consider the unfortunate tenants as are considered the inmates of our insane asylums.

Few have any good idea that when two senses are gone, and two very important ones—hearing and speaking—that the loser has within himself a reserved power of the remaining senses, which under proper development may make of him an intelligent citizen.

It may not be generally known, even at this late date, that within our city and under the direct supervision of the Boston School Committee is a school for deaf children, which promises to become one of the most prosperous in the State.

As a history of the Horace Mann School may not be familiar to the majority of our readers, the following brief extract of how the institution was founded will no doubt prove interesting.

In the year 1868 Rev. Dexter S. King, a member of the Boston School Committee, and also a member of the State Legislature, became interested in the instruction of deaf-mutes in articulation, as taught in the Clarke Institute at Northampton; and conceived the idea of a public day-school for those unfortunate children in Boston, under the direction of the School Board.

A committee was appointed by the board to look into the matter, but no report was submitted during that year. About the first of the following year the subject was again committed to the same committee, and in April, Mr. King, the chairman, reported that such a school ought to be established. It was subsequently ordered that a school of that character be organized.

Owing to the difficulty in procuring suitable rooms in a central locality the school was not opened until November 10, 1869, and for a time was kept in two divisions—One in East street and the other on Somerset street. Better rooms were soon after found at No. 11 Pemberton Square. Thirty-six applications for admission were received at the opening of the school; but owing to the want of room and the impossibility of immediate classification only twenty-five were admitted. The number of pupils in attendance during the successive years of the school are as follows: 1869-70, 38; 1870-71, 50; 1871-72, 52; 1872-73, 54; 1873-74, 64; 1874-75, 71; 1875-76, 79; 1876-77, 76; 1877-78, 76; 1878-79, 80.

It may be interesting to the reader to know the causes of the deafness in the case of the pupils: Scarlet fever, 25; cerebro-spinal meningitis, 14; severe illness, 10; ulcers in head, 6; diseases of brain, 6; a fall, 4; convulsions, 4; severe cold, 4; diphtheria, 3; injury upon the head, 2; measles, 2; typhoid fever, 1; disease in the head, 1; lung fever, 1; whooping cough, 1; born deaf, 26.

In the summer of 1875, the school having outgrown its accommodations in Pemberton Square, the City Council refitted an unoccupied school building upon Warren street, belonging to the city, and on September 9th of that year the school was opened in that building, which place it now occupies. The building contains seven class rooms, a reception room, a large play-room, and has a good yard in the rear.

Just about as this change was to be made Dr. Ira Allen, the chairman of the school committee for this school, died. The doctor had been interested in the enterprise since its establishment, and to him the school owes much of its success. The name of the school was changed May, 8th, 1877, from the Boston School for Deaf-Mutes to the Horace Mann School for the Deaf. Mr. Mann, it will be remembered, was at one time Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education, and in his report of 1843 he described the German method of teaching articulation to the deaf, and urged its adoption in this country.

The school is divided into classes and the pupils who have never heard at all are separated as far as practical from those who may have become deaf by diseases. Weekly exercises are required in composition or letter writing. There are lessons in drawing and writing given on alternate days. One of the exercises during the year was to learn how well they could read the lips of the persons who spoke to them. One of the replies was as follows:

I am 12 years old almost thirteen, most every day I go to stores, they are clothing stores sometimes when the ladies that attend the stores speak to me I can understand what they say. When I go to the store to buy ribbon I sometimes ask the ladies how much the ribbon is a yard, and sometimes when I am on the way home people stop to ask me what street they should go on and I sometimes tell them the right way. If I do not understand them I tell them that I am deaf, I can not hear one day a little boy came along when I was waiting for the horse-car to ride to school, he asked me if I knew where Linwood st. was and I understood him and said Yes and showed him the way. If men ask me I cannot understand them because they wear mustaches and I cannot see their lips sometimes when they know

I am deaf put back their mustaches and I can understand them. One night a Doctor spoke to me and I did not understand him then I told him to please put back his mustache and then he talked to me. He said Do you go to school? I answered Yes sir, then he said Do you go to the school in Boston, and I said Yes sir. I can understand all the school children when they talk to me, when my brothers and sisters talk to me I can understand them. I hope when I grow up to be a lady I can understand every one the first time they speak.

The above was written by a little girl only 12 years of age who became deaf at the age of 8 years.

Professor A. Melville Bell's system of visible speech is used in the school in teaching articulation. It is indeed most peculiar to listen to the scholars when they are reciting and to hear them talk without knowing it themselves; that is so far as the sound is concerned. They read the lips remarkably well, for that is the only means which they have of understanding spoken language. In seeing the movement of the teacher's lips they move theirs in the same manner, and naturally produce what sounds like the same words, though to them there is no sound. The teachers talk in their natural tone of voice because it gives the movements of the lips better, but a whole conversation could be carried on in different parts of the room without a sound being heard.

The scholars are taught the branches almost the same as in our primary and grammar schools, so that if they only stay long enough they will acquire a good grammar school education. So attached do the scholars become to the school that one girl who had once had good hearing, but lost it years ago, asked the teacher if she thought she would regain her hearing, and on being told that there was no hope, asked, "Will I have to leave here if I ever can hear?" On receiving an affirmative answer, she replied, "Then I don't want to hear."

The mental powers of deaf children should be developed by the same means as in the education of hearing children. Dumbness, being naturally attendant upon deafness, is disappearing, as is proved in a lecture delivered in London by an English gentleman who has given much thought upon the subject.

After a brief description of the different methods employed in the instruction of the deaf, he says: "Now, it would be well before going any further to get rid of the idea, so common among business people, that children deaf and dumb are quite different from others. For instance, it is often imagined that they must be of weak intellect. This is a mistake. True, some have not full mental development, which is not to be wondered at when the cause of congenital and accidental deafness are remembered; often it is a fever that takes away hearing and leaves mind and body in an enfeebled condition. Such, however, is just as often the case with hearing children after suffering like maladies. The brain is uninjured in the vast majority of the deaf, and is exactly the same as that of hearing children."

Another very common fallacy is that the child does not speak—is dumb—on account of some malformation of the vocal organs. Now this is so rare a case, if indeed it exists at all, that it cannot be classed as one of the causes of dumbness. It is not uncommon to meet with dumb persons who have their hearing perfect; their dumbness arises from defect of brain. There is no such thing as a child born dumb because deaf. The born deaf are at first exactly the same as hearing children; they cry, sneeze, crow, laugh and talk, too, like hearing children. This may seem very startling, but it is true. The born deaf do talk, in their own baby language, just like hearing children of the same age, only we do not understand them.

The objects must be shown with the word spoken, and shown over and over again, too, before the hearing child can connect the object with the spoken word; and so it with the deaf child; you do not let it go on talking its own language; but just as with the hearing, you educate it to repeat certain sounds after you, and to connect those sounds with certain objects, only with the deaf you cannot through the ear, and so must through the eye. It is all by imitation, as with the hearing child; it does not come natural, as with the hearing people so often say, either to the hearing or to the deaf.

Pupils over five years of age are admitted to the school. The school is free to all children residing in Boston. All pupils living out of the city will be admitted and charged the average cost per pupil as tuition, unless received by the State, in which case the Commonwealth supports them, paying to the school a fixed sum.

Miss Sarah Fuller is the principal, a lady of marked ability, admirably suited for the responsible position that she holds, and greatly beloved by all her scholars.

All letters of inquiry should be addressed to her, No. 63 Warren street, Boston. As there may be many persons near and in Boston who may wish to send children to the school if they are so unfortunate as to be deaf, the following questions are given, which, if answered, will give the principal an intelligent idea of the case:

Name of parents. Residence. Birth-place of parents. Were they deaf and dumb? Have they other children deaf and dumb? Name of child. Birth-place of child. Was the child born deaf and dumb? Has the child ever spoken? If it has, when was hearing lost? What was the cause? Has the child ever been at school? How much has the child been taught? Is the child mentally weak? Does the child

now speak; if so, how many words? The school is open every week day, except, Saturday from 9:15 A. M. to 2:12 P. M.

CONDENSED NEWS.

—The yellow fever is abating at Memphis.

—The electric light is to be employed in the capitol at Washington.

—Rev. Dr. Talmage, of New York, sailed from Europe for home September 15th.

—John T. Sharp, the murderer of Elder Benjamin at McArthur, O., has been captured.

—Four men were injured in New York by the falling of the brick walls of a building.

—The Emperor of Germany has approved the project of a world's fair at Berlin in 1885.

—The yellow fever at Memphis has been much lighter than in 1878, and is gradually subsiding.

—In the middle week of August England has exactly seventeen and a half hours of sunshine.

—Tremain & Co.'s paint factory in New York burned September 17th, causing a loss of \$30,000.

—The New York hotels are reported full of guests, which is regarded a sure sign of good times.

—John Taylor, Jr., of Brockville, Ont., is a defaulter to the amount of \$4,000. He was town clerk.

—Fred Slitz, of New York, returning home one night after a carousal, fell down stairs and broke his neck.

—The first full cargo of pig iron sent to this country for years from West Hart, Eng., was despatched last week.

—General Sheridan has been instructed to send soldiers to arrest the insubordinate Ute Indian chiefs on the White River.

—In the higher public schools of Italy, Greek, Latin, and mathematics have been superseded by the study of modern languages.

—The Commercial Exchange of Philadelphia has adopted the central system for grain, flour, and seeds from January 1st, 1880.

—The Society of the Army of the Cumberland meets in Washington November 20th, when the statue of General Thomas will be unveiled.

—Sir Edmund Curris' distillery in London burned September 14th, involving a loss of from 200,000 to 400,000 pounds sterling.

—B. R. Caldwell, who embezzled \$20,000 belonging to Parker & Co., Charleston, S. C., has been captured and returned by Cincinnati detectives.

A rich vein of silver has been discovered at Meredith, N. H. At four feet down the assays were to the ton, silver \$62, lead \$53. At six feet the vein was much richer.

—The will of Miss Louisiana St. John, who recently died in New York, leaving half a million, distributes her property mainly among her nephews and nieces in Cannajoharie, where she was born.

—Alexander Higgins, Michael Murphy, and George Leonard, for committing various burglaries in New York, were last week sentenced to State Prison, Higgins for fifteen, Murphy twelve and a half, and Leonard ten years.

—Charles Gloss was hanged at Cairo, Ill., September 16th for the murder of Carter Newman, which occurred on the 23d of last March. The murderer and his victim were both colored men. Jealousy is said to have been the motive of the crime.

—In the silk factories of Italy 120,428 women are employed, besides 26,976 in cotton, and 13,707 in tobacco factories. There are 9,177 manufacturing establishments of all kinds in the kingdom, with 302,048 laborers, of whom 188,586 are women.

—Charles Davis and James Reed, arrested in Buffalo last June for passing counterfeit money, were lately sentenced to ten years in the Albany penitentiary. They proved to be brothers, old counterfeiters, and named Charles and Thomas Johnson.

A reward of \$100 was offered for the delivery of Jack Motter, a reputed horse thief, to the authorities of De Witt county, Ill. Jack walked into the sheriff's office in custody of an officer, through whom he received the \$100, and with this money he employed a lawyer, who secured his acquittal.

—It is estimated that 20,000 people were in Lawrence, Kan., on the 16th inst. at the quarto-centennial celebration of the State. Business was suspended, the populace turned out, a large number of distinguished men from abroad were present, speeches were made, and the ovation was a magnificent success.

—About 100,000 people, not residents of the place, were in Hartford, Conn., on the 17th to participate in the ceremonies of the conveyance of the old battle flags from the State arsenal to the new capitol, ten thousand veterans were in the procession, salutes were fired, and there were other public demonstrations.

A destitute sick woman in New York, with four children, the oldest seven years and the youngest sixteen months old, had lived in the streets and subsisted upon whatever could be gathered up from them, sleeping in hallways and other by places; for two weeks. Her husband died about a year ago, and she was unable to find continuous employment that would support herself and provide for her children.

PATRONIZE THE JOURNAL.

REV. A. W. MANN'S APPOINTMENTS.

Providence permitting the Rev. A. W. Mann will hold services at the following places. He asks, as a great favor, that all who read the notices will make them as much known as it is in their power to.

Detroit, Sunday,	Sept. 21.
St. Louis, Sunday,	Oct. 5.
Fulton, Mo., Monday,	" 6.
Topeka, Kan., Thursday,	" 9.
Kansas City, Mo., Friday,	" 10.
St. Louis, " Sunday,	" 12.
Galesburg, Ill., Monday,	" 13.
Davenport, Ia., Wednesday,	" 15.
Joliet, Ill., Thursday,	" 16.
Mich. City, Ind., Friday,	" 17.
Chicago, Ill., Sunday,	" 19.
Akron, O., Thursday,	" 23.
Dayton, " Friday,	" 24.
Cincinnati, O., Sunday,	" 26.
Evansville, Ind., Friday,	" 31.
Indianapolis, " Sunday, Nov. 2.	
New Albany, " Monday,	" 3.
Munice, " Tuesday,	" 4.
Cleveland, O., Sunday,	" 9.
Mansfield, " Friday,	" 14.
Pittsburg, Pa., Sunday,	" 16.

The next State elections will be held in Ohio and Iowa, on the 14th of October. State officers and members of the Legislature will be chosen in each, and a member of Congress to fill vacancy in the latter. The campaign in Ohio is lively; in Iowa, in which Republicanism is deep rooted, there is no need of excitement.

Now is the time to get your barbering done, the cheapest and best, the only shop in town at the same price, hair-cutting 10 cents and shaving 5 cents. J. K. Parker, Main street.

\$66 A WEEK in your own town, and no capital needed. You can give the business a trial without expense. The best opportunity ever offered for those willing to work. You should try nothing else until you see for yourself what you can do at the business we offer. No room to explain here. You can devote all your time or only your spare time to the business, and make great pay for every hour that you work. Women make as much as men. Send for special private terms and particulars, which we mail free. \$5 Outfit free. Don't complain of hard times while you have such a chance. Address H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine.

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